

THE DAYSPRING.

"The dayspring from on high hath visited us."

OLD SERIES.
VOL. XXXI.

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NEW SERIES.
VOL. VIII. No. 9.



AT SCHOOL AGAIN.

DURING the months of July and August the schools have been closed, and many of the readers of "The Dayspring" have been away from home having a good time. They have enjoyed many pleasant hours in play, and have seen many pleasing sights. We are sure they feel brighter and happier for the rest and sport and change which they have had.

But summer is gone, and vacation is over. The schools have begun again; and our little readers who have done so much playing and visiting must now stay in the school-room several hours every day, and learn lessons to be recited to their teachers. With school children, it is now the beginning of a new year as much as it was the first of January. Most of them have been promoted, and all of them take another start in their studies.

It is well for little folks to think how much is done for their education. Fine school-houses are built, learned teachers employed, good school-books provided, and much money spent in many ways, that you may be sufficiently educated to act well your part in the world. But, although so much is done for you, it will be of little use unless you are studious, attentive, and persevering.

HARVEST CONCERT EXERCISE.

ARRANGED BY MRS. E. H. PINKHAM.

FIRST GIRL.

We gathered round our Easter shrine,
And sang our songs of gladness;
The resurrection of the spring
Dispelled the winter's sadness.
The sun and rain prepared the ground,
The seed fulfilled its mission;
Each tender blade looked up to Him
Who gives the glad fruition.
Then, when the summer days were long,
And earth was full of beauty,
We gathered once again to sing
Of Hope and Love and Duty.
With joyful praise we come again,
Our harvest treasures bringing;
Thanksgiving hymns from grateful hearts
Through all the land are ringing.
The storehouse and the barn are filled
With autumn's golden treasure,
The giver of the increase sends
His blessings without measure.
And, as upon our harvest shrine
We lay each small oblation,
We'll look to Him who gave us all
In grateful adoration.

SECOND GIRL, bringing Autumn Flowers.

"As for man, his days are as grass; as a flower of the field, so he flourisheth. For the wind passeth over it, and it is gone; and the place thereof shall know it no more."

See how the dying summer flings
Its radiance over all the flowers,
As though it fain would linger here
To brighten up the wintry hours.

As from some friend whose spirit seeks
To break its earthly prison bars,
We catch a ray of glorious light
Reflected from beyond the stars,

E'en so the waning summer light,
Upon the hazy landscape cast,
Making the flowers of autumn bright,
We love, — because it is the last.

The fringed gentian lifts its head,
 Reflecting rays of heavenly blue;
 The yellow golden-rod still gives
 The sere, brown fields a brighter hue.

The garden asters strive to keep
 Their wealth of beauty to the last;
 The regal dahlia only yields
 Unto a cutting, frosty blast.

And then, perchance, one last, lone rose,
 Of all the summer's bright array,
 Will sweeten with its dying breath
 Some bleak and dreary autumn day.

Let life be filled with kindly deeds,
 That, like the bright and cheery flowers,
 Will blossom through the summer's prime,
 And light the darkening autumn hours.

THIRD GIRL, with Autumn Leaves.

"We all do fade as a leaf; and our
 iniquities, like the wind, have taken us
 away."

"Fading beneath our pressing feet,
 Strewn upon lawn and lane and street,
 Beautiful leaves!
 Dyed with the hues of the sunset sky,
 Falling in glory so silently,
 Beautiful leaves!

"Never to freshen another spring,
 Never to know what the summer may bring,
 Beautiful leaves!
 Withered by wintry frost and cold,
 Soon to decay in the common mould,
 Beautiful leaves!

"So will the years that change your tint
 Mark upon us their autumnal print, —
 Beautiful leaves!
 So shall we fall from the tree of time,
 Fade, like ye, in a frosty clime,
 Beautiful leaves!

"But, when the winter of death is past,
 And we wake in eternal spring at last,
 Beautiful leaves!
 May He, who paints your very hue,
 Each of us give a chaplet new,
 Beautiful leaves!"

FOURTH GIRL, with Corn.

"First the blade, then the ear, then the
 full corn in the ear."

CORNFIELDS.

"When on the breath of autumn's breeze,
 From pastures dry and brown,
 Goes floating, like an idle thought,
 The fair, white thistle-down, —
 Oh, then what joy to walk at will
 Upon the golden harvest hill!

"What joy in dreamy ease to lie
 Amid a field new shorn,
 And see all round, on sun-lit slopes,
 The piled-up shocks of corn;
 And send the fancy wandering o'er
 All pleasant harvest fields of yore!

"I feel the day; I see the fields;
 The quivering of the leaves;
 And good old Jacob, and his horse,
 Binding the yellow sheaves!
 And at this very hour I seem
 To be with Joseph in his dream.

"I see the fields of Bethlehem,
 And reapers many a one
 Bending unto their sickles' stroke,
 And Boaz looking on;
 And Ruth, the Moabitess fair,
 Among the gleaners stooping there!

"Again, I see a little child,
 His mother's sole delight,
 God's living gift of love unto
 The kind, good Shunamite;
 To mortal pangs I see him yield,
 And the lad bear him from the field.

"The sun-bathed quiet of the hills,
 The fields of Galilee,
 That eighteen hundred years ago
 Were full of corn, I see;
 And the dear Saviour take his way
 'Mid ripe ears on the Sabbath day.

"Oh, golden ears of bending corn,
 How beautiful they seem!
 The reapers there, the piled-up sheaves,
 To me are like a dream;
 The sunshine and the very air
 Seem of old time, and take me there!"

FIFTH GIRL, with Wheat.

"Verily, verily, I say unto you, except a grain of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone: but if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit."

"We bent to-day o'er a confined form,
And our tears fell softly down;
We looked our last on the aged face,
With its look of peace, its patient grace,
And hair like a silver crown.

"We touched our own to the clay-cold hands
From life's long labor at rest;
And among the blossoms white and sweet,
We noticed a bunch of golden wheat,
Clasped close to the silent breast.

"The blossoms whispered of fadeless bloom,
Of a land where fall no tears;
The ripe wheat told of toil and care,
The patient waiting, the trusting prayer,
The garnered good of the years.

"We knew not what work her hands had found,
What rugged places her feet, —
What cross was hers, what blackness of night;
We saw but the peace, the blossoms of white,
And the bunch of ripened wheat.

"As each goes up from the fields of earth,
Bearing the treasures of life,
God looks for some garnered grain of good,
From the ripe harvest that shining stood,
But waiting the reaper's knife.

"Then labor well, that in death you go,
Not only with blossoms sweet,
Not bent with doubt and burdened with fears,
And dead, dry husks of the wasted years,
But laden with golden wheat."

SIXTH GIRL, with Apples.

"A word fitly spoken is like apples of gold in pictures of silver."

"I put up at an inn to dine;
My host was trusty, staunch;
A golden apple was his sign,
Upon a bending branch.

"And shelter 'neath his green roof sought
Full many a light-winged guest;
They feasted, danced, and cared for nought,
But sang and danced their best.

"I sought a bed for sweet repose, —
The soft, green, grassy glade;
Mine host, himself, above me threw
His curtain's cooling shade.

"I asked him what I had to pay:
He shook his verdant crown;
May blessings on the apple-tree
Be evermore showered down!"

SEVENTH GIRL, with Grapes.

"I am the true vine, and my Father is the husbandman. Every branch in me that beareth not fruit he taketh away; and every branch that beareth fruit, he purgeth it, that it may bring forth more fruit."

"O golden month! How high thy gold is heaped!
The yellow birch-leaves shine like bright coins
strung

On wands; the chestnut's yellow pennons tongue
To every wind its harvest challenge. Steeped
In yellow still lie fields where wheat was reaped;
And yellow still the corn-sheaves stacked among
The yellow gourds, which from the earth have
wrung

Her utmost gold. To highest boughs hath leaped
The purple grape, — last thing to ripen, — late
By very reason of its precious cost.
O Heart! remember, vintages are lost
If grapes do not for freezing night dews wait;
Think, while thou sun'st thyself in Joy's estate,
May hap thou canst not ripen without frost!"

WHICH WILL YOU DO?

WHICH will you do? smile and make your home happy, or be crabbed and make all your brothers and sisters gloomy, and your father and mother miserable? The amount of happiness you can produce is very great if you only keep a smiling face, a kind heart, and speak pleasant words. Wear a cheerful countenance, let joy beam in your eyes, and love shine out in your acts. — *Selected.*

For The Dayspring.

THE FAIRY'S VISIT.

BY CARL LIEMAN.



H, Mamma!" exclaimed Lillie Morton, as she bounded into the sitting-room one beautiful summer day, twirling her jumping-rope, and nearly out of breath, "Can't I go to the park with Carrie and Annie Mayford?"

"Don't whirl that rope so, Lillie. Is Jennie Harris going too?"

"Well, yes, mamma," said the child, hesitatingly; "but I won't be with her much."

"No, Lillie, you can't go, and I am surprised that you like playing with a little girl who is so very untruthful."

"But, mamma" —

"Don't ask again, Lillie. I want you to run down to the library and tell little Nancy Priggs she need not wait any longer for those clothes. Susan will finish mending them, and you can run over with them before tea."

Lillie walked slowly downstairs, pouting all the way. She gave Nancy the message, and then added, "You had better go quick, for I am going to swing my rope, and it might hit you."

It did not hit the child, however, but struck a vase instead, that came with a crash to the floor. The noise brought two servants to the room, just in time to see Lillie flying out the low veranda window after Nancy.

"Catch her, Miss Lillie!" cried one of them, as they reached the window. "Your mamma thought every thing of that vase, and I guess she won't be giving so many nice clothes to a gal the likes o' that, as won't be acknowledging a break."

Lillie stopped, and looked back at the girl. "Did she do it?" asked Susan, pointing at Nancy, who had reached the gate.

Lillie was a good deal frightened, for she knew her mother prized the vase, and then, too, she had been repeatedly forbidden to swing her rope in the house. Susan's question opened a way of escape; and, without thinking of the sin of falsehood or the wrong to Nancy, she nodded assent.

"I thought so," said the girl, as she stooped to pick up the pieces.

Lillie continued her way to the great tree at the upper end of the garden, and threw herself down on the grass, with a heavy sigh. "If mamma had only let me go with those girls, none of this would have happened. I suspect now she won't send Nancy that old dolly that was fixed up, and they are so poor. Nancy has hardly any playthings. Oh dear, how hard it is to keep good all the time, and never tell a lie! I wonder if I broke the ten commandments," she thought, as she turned over on the cool, fragrant grass, and closed her eyes. "Thou shalt not lie." No, that don't sound right. "I wish, I wish," but her thoughts seemed flying off into the dim distance, when she was suddenly aroused by a sweet voice, saying, "What is it you wish, little one?"

Lillie opened her eyes wide, and stared right into the face of a lovely being, with beautiful fairy wings, who was bending over her. She could not speak for a minute, she was so astonished, and she wondered if this were a real fairy come to give her her wish; so she said, half rising on her elbow, "I was wishing — only I don't want to die, though — but I was wishing I were an angel, because" — she hesitated — "because I get tired always trying to be good."

"But don't you know," said the lovely stranger, "that it is this very trying—*real trying*—that is going to fit you to be an angel? See! I have brought you a talisman that will help you." And she opened a golden casket, and took from it a ring of remarkable brilliancy, and placed it on Lillie's finger.

"For me!" cried Lillie, with delight. "What a beautiful stone!"

"Yes, it is called the Nerus, and is very valuable. You see it changes color like the opal; and whenever you deceive or tell an untruth its brightaess will grow less, and a little pain will shoot through your heart."

"Why, it has already grown less," said Lillie, sadly, holding up her finger.

"That is because you are acting a falsehood now. When you have confessed to your manma the truth about the vase, it will be bright again. So cheer up, little one, but keep your ring bright until I come again."

Then the fairy stranger spread her wings, and, as she mounted into the air, Lillie heard floating down on the summer breeze, "Lying lips are an abomination to the Lord, but they that deal truly are His delight; yes, they that deal truly are His delight."

"That's funny," thought Lillie. "It is the very verse I learned last Sunday."

Just then she heard merry voices, and in a minute Jennie Harris, with Carrie and Annie Mayford, bounded on to the grass, crying: "Why, Lillie Morton! why didn't you meet us at the old tree? We've been waiting for you."

"I could not. Mamma would not let me."

"Why not?"

"Because—well, I can't tell you exactly why; but I have to go now, and take some

things to poor Mrs. Priggs, down by the mill."

"Pshaw!" said Jennie.

"Never mind, we can have a little fun on the way," said Carrie. "Get your hat and things, Lillie, and we'll go down with you."

Lillie sprang up and flew to the house. She tried to think there could be no harm in just walking with Jennie a little way; and, in her hurry to get her hat and bundle without her mamma's asking any questions, she forgot her good resolutions and the ring.

"Take this money, too, Lillie," said Mrs. Morton, "and tell Mrs. Priggs it will get some tea and sugar, and I will try to see her in a few days."

"Yes, mamma," and Lillie was off. The children had a very pleasant time, running and playing by the way, until they came to a small candy-shop near the mill.

"Who has a penny?" asked Jennie, as they stopped to look in the window. "They have splendid taffy here, and they give lots for a cent. You have some money, Lillie, for I heard it rattle."

"No, I have not," said Lillie. "This money mamma gave me for Mrs. Priggs to buy tea and sugar."

"Well, suppose she did. Mrs. Priggs would never know the difference, nor your mamma, either."

"Why, Jennie Harris! that would be stealing," exclaimed Lillie.

"No, it would not, either. Don't your papa ever give you pennies? You could easily pay it back; and you don't know how good this candy is!"

Lillie opened her purse and looked at the money.

"Come, girls," said Jennie, "I know Lillie won't be so mean as to refuse just one cent;" so they entered the shop, and

Jennie ordered the candy. While the man was weighing it, Lillie put her fingers in her purse to get out the cent, when she caught sight of her ring. It was dark and lustreless.

"Oh dear! what shall I do?" she cried. "My ring! my beautiful ring!" and, dropping the penny back into her purse, she caught up her parcel, and ran out of the shop as fast as she could go.

She heard the children calling her in the distance, but she did not stop until she reached Mrs. Priggs's door, and then—strange as it may seem—the call grew louder and nearer, until Lillie heard her mamma say, "Wake up, darling, you'll take cold on this grass."

So it was all a dream, and she had no ring after all; but she thought of Nancy, and, throwing her arms round her mamma's neck, she confessed the truth about the vase.

"I am very glad my little daughter has told me in time, for I was very angry with Nancy," said Mrs. Morton.

My little readers may be sure that Lillie Morton was lighter-hearted when she ran down to the mill that afternoon, and she made Nancy happier by giving her the old doll that had been fixed up as good as new.

After that, when Lillie was tempted to deceive, she remembered the beautiful ring, and the refrain of the fairy's song: "But they that deal *truly* are His delight."

NOTHING is so infectious as example, and we never do great good or evil without producing the like. We imitate good actions by emulation, and bad ones by the evil of our nature.

THE life of any great soul is made up of conflict with conditions.

HUMOROUS.

A SHORT time ago a little boy went with his father to see a colt. He patted the colt's head and made quite a fuss over it, until finally the stable-man told him to be careful that the colt did not turn round and kick him. When the little chap went home his mother asked him what he thought about the colt. "I like him pretty well," was the reply. "He's real tame in front, but he's awful wild behind."

It is related of a certain clergyman, who was noted for his long sermons, with many divisions, that, one day, when he was advancing among the 'teens, he reached at length a kind of resting-place in his discourse, when, pausing to take breath, and asking the question, "And what shall I say more?" a voice from the congregation earnestly responded: "Say amen!"

"Did you ever know such a mechanical genius as my son?" said an old lady. "He has made a fiddle out of his own head, and he has wood enough for another."

"Bub, did you ever stop to think," said a grocer recently, as he measured out half a peck of potatoes, "that these potatoes contain sugar, water, and starch?" "No, I didn't," replied the boy; "but I heard mother say you put peas in your coffee, and about a pint of water in every quart of milk you sold." The subject of natural philosophy was dropped right there.

An Irish shoemaker lately advised a customer, when he complained of his new boots being tight, not to put them on until he had worn them for a day or two.

A tramp, who was caught roaming around through the country stealing eggs, said "he merely wished to get the lay of the land."

A CHEERFUL VIEW.

"How dismal you look!" said a bucket to his companion, as they were going to a well.

"Ah!" replied the other, "I was reflecting on the uselessness of our being filled; for, let us go away ever so full, we always come back empty."

"Dear me! how strange to look at it in that way!" said the bucket. "How I enjoy the thought that, however empty we come, we always go away full! Only look at it in that light, and you will be as cheerful as I am."—*Selected.*

THE TAME STARLING.

AN old gamekeeper, named John, kept a tame starling, which could talk a little. When, for instance, the gamekeeper said, "Where are you, Bob?" the starling answered, "Here I am." Charles, the neighbor's son, took great delight in the bird, and often came to see it. Once, Charles came when the keeper was out; he quickly seized the bird, and put it in his pocket to carry it away. But just as he was running out, the keeper came in; and, thinking to give the boy pleasure, he called out, "Bob, where are you?" and the bird replied from the boy's pocket, "Here I am!"—*Selected.*

LEARNING can be obtained only by labor.

THERE are words which are worth as much as the best action, for they contain the germ of all.

"I DIDN'T say a single word," said Annie Barton to her mother, who was reproving her for her unamiable temper. "I know you didn't, Annie; but your face talked."

PHILIP NORTON'S PETS.

ON the first page of this number of "The Dayspring" you see Philip Norton sitting down by a great tree, and holding his pretty dog Carlo. Philip has a pleasant home in the country; but he has been a hundred miles away the past summer, spending his vacation with his grandmother. Carlo was very lonesome while his little master was away, and much pleased when he came home. He does not leave him for a moment hardly, for fear he will go away again.

Philip, when he came back, was glad to see Carlo, but found something else that pleased him more. When he went away, he left a nice old cat called Tabby as well as the pretty dog Carlo. What was his surprise, on coming home at the end of his long vacation, to find that Tabby had three kittens, and that they were large enough to eat milk from a saucer, and frolic as hard as ever kittens did. Philip's father and mother had written letters to him while he was absent, but had not told him about Tabby's kittens.

In the picture on the opposite page you see Tabby and her family. In the branches of an old tree near the house they sometimes play by the hour, and neither Philip nor Carlo can catch them.



For The Dayspring.

THE OLD STAGE-COACH.

BY MRS. ANNIE D. DARLING.



“MAMMA, dear,” said Daisy, one day when the rain trickled dismally down the window-panes, and the wind sighed fretfully without, making the August day seem gloomy as November, and no pleasant rooms in the barn or rambles in the shady woods possible to the restless little souls, who are, like the butterflies, ever on the wing in the sweet summer time, — “Mamma, please, *please*, tell us a story!”

“A story, lovelies! as if I had not already spun for you all the webs this old spider brain of mine can spin,” exclaimed mamma.

“Oh! I know there’s *one* left, just *one*, — so tell us *that*, mammy dear. Just one little one all about when you were a little girl, and did naughty things, and got into scrapes, and *every* thing.”

Daisy often summed up the remainder of her thoughts and wishes in a vague yet comprehensive “*every* thing.”

“Wouldn’t you rather hear about what I did that was *good*, that you might imitate *that*, my dear?” asked her mamma, seriously, with a little smile in her eyes.

“Oh, no! *don’t* tell about goody girls! Please don’t, mamma; they don’t grow in *my* garden,” said Daisy, laughing. “You know I always did like to hear about bad ones best; now, do tell us something real horrid!”

“Ah!” sighed her mother, “I am really afraid it will encourage the ‘depravity’ that is in your heart if I tell you of any but the best-behaved children, and *that*, I grieve very sincerely to say, *I* was *not*; so if I tell you of myself, I am sorry to say

there will probably be plenty of ‘naughty’ in the story.

“Your mention of a garden reminds me of one where I passed many happy hours in one bright summer of my childhood.

“A fine, old-fashioned place, even in those long gone days, and still well kept up and in careful order; growing the finest fruits, the best vegetables, and the loveliest flowers of any for miles around.

“The place belonged to one of the old families of the State; was honored by being the home of some of those men whose names, as they stood appended to the ‘Declaration of Independence’ were a tower of strength, a bulwark of integrity, — as a shining light in a ‘naughty world.’ It is many years since I have set foot in that lovely spot, but it is still as luxuriantly beautiful as it seemed then to my admiring eyes.

“Two children of a member of the family who resided in a neighboring city were sent there to pass a summer, and I, as a neighbor for the time, — my home in the same city in the winter, — soon made warm friends of the two little girls, who would otherwise have had to play alone, as I should have myself. So, every morning early, the two little sisters would walk over for me, or I would go over the short bit of road that lay between our respective abodes, that the day’s play might begin in good time; and we kept it up earnestly, till the chickens went to roost, and the sun bade the world ‘good-night,’ and then we separated, to sleep and dream of the coming day’s pleasure.

“Directly back of one of the large, comfortable barns that stored the immense crops of hay, clover, and grain, that fed the meek-eyed cows that grouped themselves so picturesquely in the shadows of the great oaks, and stood through the hot

noontide in the rippling waters of the brook, that went singing on its careless way through the flower-fringed banks, that seemed to lean over to see their own beauty reflected in the mirror it held beside them, — was, among odds and ends of lumber and farming utensils, that always accumulate somewhere on a farm, the body of an old stage-coach. Railroads did not in those days take one from every place you could think of to the one next to it, and stages made one or two trips a day or a week from towns and large villages to other near towns or cities; and, I suppose, in so doing, this one coach in particular had worn itself out, and perhaps, either on account of its superiority in its early days, or the good service it had done, had been honorably discharged and left in this beautiful spot to pass the remainder of its days in restful seclusion and peace, meditating on the many happy meetings it had helped to bring about, as well as the sad partings it had hastened.

"Peace it certainly did not get, however, while we children made it our playmate and playhouse through one summer. It was our home — a palace of many rooms to us; each seat being the portion of one little girl and her doll child, or children. It was often our steamboat, or ship, or stage, beside, as, by rocking ourselves back and forth, we could make a swinging motion that seemed to us most delightful; and we believed often that we were '*really going*,' till, on looking from the windows, we found the old stage still resting on the timbers that supported the coach body in place of wheels.

"We would often, on meeting in the early morning after breakfast, arrange the play for the day: then make a tour of discovery around the garden, with no one to hinder our following our own sweet wills; the

loveliest flowers made wreaths and bouquets to adorn our homes, which we swept, dusted, and kept scrupulously clean; the leather curtains carefully rolled up in pleasant days, closely buttoned down when wind or weather threatened storm; shawls made good beds; occasionally a plate, pitcher, tin pan, or mug, added to the broken bits of like articles we had found and appropriated, were borrowed for our pantry (a mossy rock under a spreading walnut-tree); and generous slices of bread, cake, cookies, or biscuit were brought out from our breakfasts in store for the many meals we and our children found it necessary to partake of in the long forenoon.

"Then came the raid on the orchards and small fruit-trees and bushes scattered all about the place. There were fine, large, Bartlett, Seckel, and other kinds of pears, early and late, which we ate, as dogs drink, with little rivers of clear juice running in limpid streams from each corner of our mouths, down each separate finger, even to our elbows; peaches as large as oranges, very nearly, — great 'cleavestones,' rolled in velvet, the luscious casket for the precious stone, brightest gold, all ruby-lined; white, juicy 'clingstones,' blushing at their own delicious fatness; purple and white spicy grapes; currants sparkling like garnets, or white ones, which were our favorites; gooseberries, maroon, purple, and pink, — sometimes, I fear, a little green; coal-black berries, and downy red and white raspberries; great, round, red 'subsavines,' and golden-yellow 'sweetin' apples; cherries, black and rich, white and rosy, which we shared happily with the lordly robins who, gayly dressed in gaudy vests of red, proudly hopped about us, friendly and secure. These treasures we would gather, heap in our frocks and aprons, and add to our larder; then go to

our housekeeping and take care of our children till the pangs of hunger called out the hour of lunch, — which hour came quite often, if my memory serves me right!

"Once it occurred to one of us to make some currant wine, in honor of a doll's wedding or some such festivity. Accordingly one was dispatched for a pitcher (we had toy tumblers) and sugar, the others to gather currants, — white we always decided to be the prettiest and sweetest. So, squeezing them through a clean pocket-handkerchief, produced for the occasion in lieu of a better strainer, we soon had a glorious mixture, as we thought, to grace our feast. This did very well till somebody happened to think that *red* currants would make a more 'truly looking wine,' so to the manufacture of that we proceeded.

"When we came to the squeezing process, which was successfully accomplished by our united strength of wrists, we were horror struck to find the nice handkerchief dyed a bright crimson, all save a bit at each corner, and our pretty light-colored summer frocks well spattered and daubed with the same bright-red stains.

"The next thing was to carefully wash out all stains, — to escape detection, blame, and scoldings. So to the brook we repaired, where we rubbed and splashed till we were well muddied up, and all to no effect, the red stains only assuming a rather more melancholy hue equally hopeless of removal, when, to our great distress, in fell Lulu, the youngest of the three, plump into the brook!

"Our frightened screams brought a gardener, and she was rescued, — alive, to our great relief, for we believed her drowning, — but very wet, very cold, and very much frightened, and three meeker or more repentant children were never scolded and

put to bed than we three that night; but we quickly forgot our trouble in dreams of a delightful picnic we had planned for (to be held in the woods, returning to the 'Hall,' as we called the old stage body, for the collation to be spread therein) a few days later.

"The eventful day dawned clear and bright, and we were early astir, for the preparations for our gala day were many and serious. We had to borrow quite a number of dishes for our spread, and made all as attractive as possible by decorating every thing that could be decorated with wreaths of flowers and oak-leaves. The table, made of boards, rested on the middle seat of the coach, laid with a borrowed cloth, graced with a famous cake, a gift from the cook.

"All went happily and well, till, on reaching down for a fallen cookie, Annie sprang up with such a terrific scream as to cause all three of us to bound over to one side of the coach body, crying, 'Oh! what, what is it, Annie? say!' which appeal she had no words to answer, nor was there need, for just then a black snake reared its head where Annie had just before reached down for her cake. At that we grew wild with fright, and, screaming at the top of our voices, surged about like flounders in a net, when over went our palace prone on its side! — children, dolls, dishes, flowers, eatables, drinkables, snake, and all, with a full chorus of screams heart-rending enough to pierce the heart of the quarries near by!

"Our much rocking of our travelling carriage had caused it to become unsteady on its supports, and the united weight of the three precipitated suddenly to one side had forced it to succumb ignominiously, and we all lay in the dust together, the passengers not forgetting the one most undesirable

occupant with them in such close quarters. Our screams brought help, — for the crash had been heard, — and we were dragged out from the fragments, with no more serious hurts than a few scattered cuts and bruises, but very much alarmed. The snake had escaped, — probably as much frightened by our uproar as we had been by the appearance of his diabolical-looking head.

"For the broken dishes, we could hardly with any show of reason be scolded, for not one of the household but would have been equally afraid of the fourth inside passenger; so the scattered bits were mournfully gathered amid expressions of relief that it 'was no worse,' while we dolefully thought it bad enough to have been frightened, bruised, to say nothing of having lost our long-looked-for good time, and I think we were never after quite so happy playing in the old stage as before the advent of his snakeship.

"The summer faded and died; the leaves fell silently and shrouded the old garden for its winter sleep; the snow buried sleeping flowers and fragrant box through the long, cold winter, till spring awoke them to stirring life; and so have the seasons continued to roll over the fair old garden as years have passed, — and the children?"

Daisy threw her arms around her mamma's neck, and lovingly kissed her thanks; her tender heart tells her that these old memories recall sad thoughts of that other dear mother, whose devoted love and care were lost to *her* daughter while she was yet young in years, not as old as little Daisy herself, and she steals softly away, while the evening shadows gather, and memory paints man a glowing scene of bygone days, and falling tears tell of love undimmed by years of separation.

For The Dayspring.

AN INTELLIGENT DOG.

BY MRS. M. O. JOHNSON.

"WHERE'S Arthur?" asked Mrs. Ellsworth, one evening, when the family, at the usual hour, gathered around the tea-table.

"He did not come out on the train with me," answered Mr. Ellsworth, "because he was detained by business. He had to wait till the mail came in for an important letter. He is coming at seven o'clock."

"Are you not mistaken?" Mrs. Ellsworth asked, a little anxiously. "Is there a train that stops at our station, later than six, before ten in the evening?"

"No; but one stops at Rye's Village, and connects there with other trains."

"Then you will send there?"

"No; Arthur said he would rather walk; that he needed the exercise. It is but little more than two miles."

"Rover misses Arthur, I do believe," said Carrie; "see how uneasy he seems." She patted his head. "Arthur's coming by and by, Rover," she said; "it's all right."

The dog looked earnestly in her eyes, and then, as if satisfied, lay down beside her chair. But he was alert and watchful, listening to every footstep that passed.

Little more was said about Arthur till tea was over. When Joanna came to take the dishes, Mrs. Ellsworth said: "You had better keep the kettle on, Joanna; Arthur is coming in the next train. We shall want tea made at seven o'clock."

Rover lifted his head, and looked intently in her face, listening to her words with the closest attention. Soon afterwards, when some one happened to open the door, he slipped quietly out of the room.

"Is Rover here?" asked Joanna, opening the dining-room door a little before seven. "He has not had his supper yet."

The dog was not to be found. "Never mind, Joanna," said Mrs. Ellsworth; "set his dish away, out of pussy's reach, till he comes. He's in the barn probably."

"There's Arthur!" said Carrie, her quick ear first catching the sound of a firm, manly step, and a cheery whistle. And she hurried to the kitchen, to ask Joanna to bring in the hot tea and biscuit.

"Are you not very tired, Arthur?" said his mother. "Father said you did not want him to send; but I am afraid you found the walk not a very pleasant one, it is so dark and cold."

"Oh! I didn't mind that," Arthur answered, cheerfully. "I needed the exercise, and feel better for it. By the way, Rover came to keep me company.* How did he know where I was?"

"Rover met you? What, clear down at Rye's Village?"

"Yes; he was on hand when I stepped off the train."

"Then he understood what we said! Don't you remember, mother, how he listened? He seemed so uneasy at first, Arthur, because you did not come with father. He does know a good many words: 'Rye's Village,' and cars, and station, and something about time, too, — of course he knows your name. And he put it all together, and concluded that was the place to find you."

"But where is Rover?" asked Aunt Bertha.

"Oh, I suppose he is about home by this time. He stopped once or twice, to hunt something perhaps. Ah, Joanna! that tray is very welcome," said Arthur,

* A fact.

as the girl came in with steaming tea and biscuit, and a plate of sliced cold roast beef.

"But what — where — ?"

Arthur had put his hand in his pocket for his handkerchief, but drew it out suddenly, with an anxious, troubled expression in his face.

"What is it?" asked his mother. "Not your letter?"

"Yes, mother, it is that very letter." He looked in all his pockets, — even turned them inside out, but not a trace of it could be found.

"How could I be so careless! Well, I've lost it, that's certain; and there's a check for three hundred dollars in it! Not mine, of course, Carrie; it belongs to the firm. I must go right back to Rye's Village."

"I suppose you must," said his mother, sadly.

"O Arthur, tired as you are, and it's so dark!" said Carrie, pushing aside the curtain, and looking anxiously out of the window. "How could you see it?"

"I must take a lantern, and look closely all along the road. I've little hope of it, though I think I had it when I left the train."

"I'll get the lantern, and go with you too, if mother's willing," said Frank, cheerfully.

"Thank you, Frank; I should be glad of your help. Well, I must be off," and Arthur put on his overcoat.

"Eat your supper first," said Mrs. Ellsworth and Aunt Bertha together.

"I don't dare to wait, mother," Arthur answered. "Some one might pick it up; besides, I've lost my appetite suddenly," he added, half-playfully.

It was quite true, though; the letter had been entrusted to his care, and he felt, of

course, far greater anxiety and pain than if it had been his own.

The check could be renewed, to be sure, but there would be delay and trouble, if it were lost. The letter itself was an important one; and to Arthur it would be a serious matter to lessen, in any degree, the confidence of the firm by whom he was employed, and who held him in the highest esteem.

"Well, take a cup of tea," said Mrs. Ellsworth, pouring it out, as she spoke; "Carrie, dear, butter a biscuit, and put in a slice of beef; he can take that in his hand."

Just then Frank's voice was heard on the veranda, as he came back with the lantern.

"Hillo, Rover! you've come home, have you? Want your supper?"

The moment the door was opened, Rover rushed in like a whirlwind, bounded up to Arthur, and laid something at his feet. It was the missing letter! * He had probably picked it up when Arthur lost it, and followed with it in his mouth. Frank had found him waiting by the door for a chance to come into the house.

* A fact.

DO IT NOW.

Do not live another hour of your life without doing exactly what is to be done in it, and go straight through it from beginning to end. Work, play, study, whatever it is, take hold at once, and finish it up squarely and clearly; then do the next thing, without letting any moments drop out between. You may often have seen the anecdote of the man who was asked how he had accomplished so much in his life. "My father taught me," was the reply, "when I had any thing to do, to do it." There is the secret,—the magic word *now*. — *Selected.*

For The Dayspring.

MY LITTLE DAUGHTER.

BY A CHILD ELEVEN YEARS OLD.

I HAVE a little daughter, —
Ah, she is very sweet!
She has little golden curls,
And chubby hands and feet.

At night, when I come home,
As tired as I can be,
She comes to me, and says,
"Pease lift me on 'oor knee."

So I take the little darling,
And gently lift her there;
And to myself I murmur
A low and fervent prayer

That God may bless my darling,
Until she gets to be
A woman, far too big
To sit upon my knee.

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSONS ON THE OLD TESTAMENT. Part II. From the death of Solomon to the birth of Jesus Christ, with selections from the Prophets, Psalms, and Proverbs. Boston, Unitarian Sunday School Society, 7 Tremont Place, 1879.

This volume contains forty-four Lessons which were published in monthly parts from September, 1878, to June, 1879. They serve to call attention to some of the most important periods of Jewish history, and some of the most interesting and edifying portions of the Old Testament. Although the volume is handsomely bound, and contains a large amount of reading, it is sold at the extremely low rate of twenty-five cents per single copy, or two dollars and fifty cents per dozen. The thirteen Lessons on selections from the Psalms and Proverbs, are bound separately for the use of those who do not care for the rest, and sold at one dollar per dozen. We would invite particular attention to these thirteen Lessons.

NEW TESTAMENT LESSONS.

THE eighth series of "Sunday School Lessons" will be on the Teachings of Jesus. The September number is devoted to the fifth chapter of Matthew, and the titles of the four Lessons are "The Beatitudes," "The Fulfilment of the Law," "Anger and Hatred," and "Love to Enemies." The object of this series will be simply to teach practical Christianity as contained in the words of Jesus, and no attempt will be made to present his outward life further than this may appear incidentally in connection with what he taught. Each lesson will contain questions for young scholars and for older ones, suggestions to teachers, explanatory notes, and references to the best books and parts of books on the subjects under consideration. Schools that adopt the one lesson system, and classes that study independently, can use the Lessons with equal advantage. Specimen copies sent free to any address on application at the office of the Sunday School Society, 7 Tremont Place, Boston.

As the financial year of the Unitarian Sunday School Society will close on the thirtieth of September, we urge all indebted to us to remit the amount of the indebtedness before that date. We also earnestly solicit donations, that we may be able to continue the work we are doing, and increase its usefulness. Will not the friends of the Society make an effort to have the contributions to it increased?

THE Annual Meeting of the Unitarian Sunday School Society will be held in Salem, Mass., Wednesday and Thursday, October 15th and 16th.

Puzzles.

ENIGMA No. 1.

I am composed of thirty letters.
 My 14, 11, 12, 9, 17, is to feel sorry.
 My 8, 29, 26, 3, 17, is a large body of water.
 My 1, 2, 24, 27, 21, is a landing place for ships.
 My 25, 12, 6, is a thing to drink from.
 My 7, 15, 19, 20, is not short.
 My 10, 4, is a pronoun.
 My 16, 22, 26, is a kind of deer.
 My 5, 12, 18, 30, is a part of the eastern continent.
 My 5, 28, 23, is what we breathe.
 My whole is the saying of an American patriot.
 W. N. W., Lexington.

ENIGMA No. 2.

I am composed of thirteen letters.
 My 6, 2, 11, is a domestic animal.
 My 6, 5, 13, 7, is a convenient commodity.
 My 3, 10, 12, is to be obstinate.
 My 1, 5, 11, is in daily use.
 My 2, 4, 9, is a beast of burden.
 My 6, 8, 11, is to separate.
 My whole is one of the United States.
 DAISY D.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN AUGUST NUMBER.

ENIGMA.

Blessed are the Peacemakers.

PUZZLE.

Heron, Hero, Her, He.

SQUARE WORD.

M O O N
 O G R E
 O R B S
 N E S T

THE DAYSPRING.

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